

MARBLE HILL PRESS.

J. G. FISSEY, Proprietor.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI.

THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1889.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year.....\$1.00
When sent out of this county.....25
One copy, six months.....50
One copy three months.....25
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Thursday's elections were decided victories for the Democrats all along the line. New York, New Jersey, Virginia and Mississippi are of course strongly Democratic. Democrats have made great gains in Ohio and Iowa, if they have not carried them. We go to press before correct returns are in.

It seems to us that the chief priest and elders, in their dealing with John, have good representatives in modern Pecos Baptist. The chief priests and elders did not know much about the baptism of John. The Pecos don't know much about the church of Jesus Christ—South-east Baptist, Lutesville, Mo.

This question is asked by the Boston Commercial Bulletin:

"Why is it that quacks and other incompetents, continue to prosper, notwithstanding the fact that the people are kept so well posted on their movements and the extent of their professional ability?"

The Boston Pilot answers that "there are two reasons why quacks prosper—namely, popular ignorance and medical incapacity. The first is proved not only by the success of the quacks in medicine, but by the hordes of quacks in religion, law, journalism, politics, etc." The people would not trust the quack, the Pilot thinks, "if they could trust the regular professors of medical science." The Journal adds:

"They do not trust them, and they have some reason. There is not a family in our cities, and scarcely an individual, from infancy up, who has not suffered from the mal-practice and incompetence of regular physicians. It is almost impossible to get two regular physicians to make similar diagnoses of a patient's case or to prescribe similar remedies for the same disease. The science of medicine is measured by the judgement of the doctor."

Generals the Soldiers Loved.

There were three men who had a peculiarly strong hold upon our corps, rank and file, especially upon the common soldier. They were McClellan, Sedgewick and Sheridan. McClellan's attractiveness was due almost wholly to his assiduous care of his army. He made the army feel that he had a kindly personal interest in them, that first of all he was bound to have them well fed and well clothed. Then he was very democratic in his bearing towards the common soldier. A soldier never saluted without a return of the salute, as every officer was bound to do. But McClellan's salute was not formal, but always kindly. I was not in the Army of the Potomac during his leadership, but used to hear frequent testimony to this effect in the campfire gossip. Sedgewick's attraction lay in his humanness and commonness or homeliness. He was without the least pretension of haughtiness. He wore the common soldier's uniform as often as any other, in winter as well as in time of campaigning. A stranger entering his headquarters would be likely to salute some self-important subaltern as the chief officer. Anecdotes of such mistakes as this were the gossip of the camp. Sedgewick held his place at the head of the corps as though he had been chosen from the ranks by unanimous vote to take the lead. His care of his men was untiring, while his chief concern was to have them do good service in battle. Sheridan drew men to him by his masterly, dashing generalship. He had the confidence of McClellan, the prevenience of Grant, the skill of Sedgewick, and a color of action, a power of seeing and seizing the golden opportunity, a faculty of "getting a twist" on the enemy, peculiarly his own. Gen. Sheridan was equal to every emergency in planning and managing a battle. In all the campaigns in which he had the sole command, he hardly made a single mistake. In strategy he was unapproached by any commander in the whole army. He was the equal of Grant in pushing the enemy, and his superior in this point: that he always sought to overcome the enemy with the least possible expenditure of life.

His constant aim was to outwit his opponent rather than to outwear him—Chaplain Dudley, is Springfield Republican.

A Farmer Boy's Experience with the Tariff.

To the editor of the Evening Post: Sir: I beg leave to introduce myself to you and your readers as the son of a Republican father, who was a Republican for the reason, I suppose, that his father was a Republican.

"I was once a bare-footed boy," and in the "old homestead" I passed a joyous youth. But as the years rolled I suddenly realized that the quaint old song which had awakened emotions, and started tears in legions of eyes—"We'll Have to Mortgage the Farm"—had become a reality indeed, for, after years of labor and improvement, the old farm could not longer meet its liabilities, and in the hope of ridding over a financial depression, of short duration, the fatal mortgage was placed.

Why did my father fail? Because the war fluctuations in prices of farm products had steadily fallen off, the bear was chasing the bull down the scale, the kings of the metals and mills were pounding down the price of labor, so that the laboring man could no longer afford to pay for life's necessities the prices that were enabling the honest farmer to realize a small dividend as compensation for "the sweat of his brow." The overflow from the foreign cesspools of vice and depravity had found its way into our labor markets, to make itself felt as the great rule of supply and demand. Besides all these discouraging circumstances, and greater, too, than all this, was the tax on the necessities of life, on salt, on sugar, and all that figure in the daily consumption of a farmer's life. The clothing on his back, the jack-knife in his pocket, the lumber in his buildings, all had given up the tribute that was to make millionaires over and over again—tribute to the man who knows no conscience and by whose success the employee was not benefited; tribute which had been levied at a time when 2,000,000 fighting men were engaged in the great struggle for the maintenance of the Union, for whom our Government was obliged to make provisions.

But the war ended and the tax continued. The few men whose industries had been enriched by these taxes were so infatuated by the plan, and office-holders were so pleased with the richness of the Treasury, that all attempts to revise a tariff that existed only as a measure of saving a distressed Government from ruin, have failed.

Shall I vote for the men who advocate that which broke up the dear old family circle; which allowed hundreds of homes to tumble into ruin and decay; or which permits broad acres of our fertile soil to be overgrown by the weeds of desolation; the farmer no longer to occupy a position of honor? Emphatically, No. R. L. W. New York, September 11, '89.

West-Bound Miners.

There was a sight at the transfer last evening that brought tears to the eyes of many persons as they looked upon a big crowd of hollow-eyed men, most of whom were in rags, and had but little with them to eat and scarcely any money. There were 95 men in the party, and they were from the protected coal fields of Illinois, where distress prevails on every hand, notwithstanding the strike is settled, except at Springfield. These men nearly all have families, but they could get but 75 and a half cents a ton for mining and only work half time. They have been locked out for weeks and have been living on charity. One of them stated that his family had had meat three times since March. Their fare was, in the main, salt, potatoes and corn meal and beans, and many a time nothing but corn-bread. Coffee was a luxury. Many of their children did not have clothing enough to cover their nakedness, until Frank Lawler commenced the work of collecting food and garments for them—and as he said this he shed tears of gratitude and added: "Frank Lawler is a friend to the poor; God bless him."

These men concluded to go to Rock Springs, and after hard work transportation was secured. Their families are being taken care of by a relief committee, and the miners who remained behind and are at work. The miners union also assisted them, until its treasury was empty.

"It has been a hard and de-

perate struggle," said one of the men, "and we have enjoyed all the protection we want. There is not a miner in the Springfield Valley or Sreater district to-day that will vote or advocate protection in the future. Idleness for weeks, ending in starvation but for Frank Lawler and others, has cured us."—[Connell Bluff (Iowa) Daily Globe.

Bill Snort's Letter.

[Texas Sitings.]

Washington, Oct. 31.

DEAR JOHN: In my last letter I wrote you all about the Blaine-Cornick wedding. After the marriage was perpetrated, we all returned to Washington via New York.

While we were on the cars Blaine made an assault upon my unwavering fidelity to Harrison.

Taking a seat alongside of me, he rolled up his eyes, in which was the cold glitter of villainy, and said in a tone of bogus despair:

"The outlook for us reform Republicans in 1892 is jam-full of woe. It pains me to think, Colonel Snort," he continued, having a deep, artesian-well sort of a sigh, "that the refusal of Tanner to remain in office will alienate the soldier vote from our worthy President."

"I, too, am as full of pines over it as a bay window, for, as you say, the boys in blue are swearing like a man who has just fallen over a wheelbarrow in the dark."

"Yes, indeed," replied Blaine, cheerfully, forgetting for the moment that he was trying to look sad; "and Tanner's Friends will go for Harrison's scalp. It fills me with world forebodings. Ha! ha! ha! ha!" Then, looking as if he had the toothache, Blaine said, wearily: "Tanner will hurt Harrison's prospects, I am afraid."

"Tanner," said I, "owing to his tendency to flare up and gush and spout, create a bad odor and go off when he isn't loaded, reminds me somewhat of a gas well; but as you intimate, Mr. Blaine, he has a razor concealed in his boot."

"Russ Harrison, Colonel Snort, talks too much."

"Yes, Russ and Tanner both should be made to wear porous plaster over their mouths and do their talking through the holes."

"These are words of wisdom, Snort. Ain't you afraid that Harrison has lost his grip on the workmen?"

"Indeed I am, Mr. Blaine. If Harrison runs for President again, I dare say they will hang him in effigy."

"Why in effigy?" said Blaine, slyly. "Why not hang him up, or rather commute his sentence to imprisonment in Indiana for the rest of his natural life? But I want to ask your advice, Colonel Snort, for you know more in a minute than most of us do in a week. Don't you favor some other Republican for President next time? We don't want a blatant demagogue who wallows in the fetid cesspool of fostering corruption. We don't want a man who in his heart does not believe that the concentration of capital is a national calamity, a hydra-headed monster that threatens the bulwarks of our liberties. On the contrary, we want for President in 1892 a man of the people, a man upon whom the millions of free hearts and honest hands are willing to rest the hopes and destinies of the Republic, not a bittens barnacle, not a soulless Indiana clam, but a magnetic man. Now, Snort, how do you stand?"

"I stand on my feet, like every body else, Mr. Blaine."

Blaine took in his magnetic hand one of my exquisitely moulded fingers. His grasp was cold and clammy, like that of a serpent. He focussed me with his magnetic eye. I perceived that if I hesitated he would hoodoo me into pledging myself to support him in 1892, so I sprang to my feet exclaiming:

"There is Andy Faulkner, of Texas! He owes me \$27 on a game of poker."

I rushed into the next car after Andy. It was only a man that looked like Faulkner, but I sat down alongside of him, and didn't go near Blaine again until we reached New York. I don't care to spoil my chance for the Presidency by being mixed up with Blaine.

While I was in New York I happened to be walking on Broadway one day, when I saw a sight that filled me with amazement. It was a bow-legged colored man standing in a church door. His back was turned to me. He wore a dark burnette coat of clerical cut, but what made my eye balls hang out was the fact that his lower extremities seemed to be in a nude condition. He turned his head and I recognized "bow-legged Pete," an evasive negro preacher, who ran away from Crosby County 10 years ago.

As soon as he saw me he exclaimed, gazing on me with his large soft-boiled eyes and exhibiting most of his ivory:

"Karnel Snort, hit does me proud ter see you."

"Why, Pete, I haven't seen you since you eloped with the funds of that colored church," I replied, cordially, trying to make him feel at ease.

"Lemme see! When did that happen? I disremember. Was hit de year befo' or de year after you was indicted for stealin' de Rose Hill ballot box dat I left Crosby County? I know hit was befo' you wote me hangin' for stealin' a hoss," said the impudent nigger.

"It's no use," said I, changing the

subject, "reviving these memories. The war is over, anyhow. What are you doing in New York."

"Ise a delegate ter de nashunal conference ob de called clergy ob de African church from my diocese." "The devil!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"No, from the diocese of Chicago. Dat's whar I yanks the brands from the burnin'."

"Why don't you go inside somewhere, whar nobody can see you, and put on a pair of pants?"

"Huh!" Dem's knee-breeches like Bishop Potter's. Ise high church, I is."

"Constock will come stalking along and arrest you."

"Why don't he arrest Bishop Potter, den?"

Because his legs are beautifully moulded. There are no flies on Potter's legs."

I see down on Bishop Potter. He didn't show me no attentions, 'cept calling my attentions ter de dore. He cussed me until dar was a sulphurous halo in de air. Huh!

What did you expect him to do? I expected that he would introduce me to some ob dose rich New York ladies. Huh! Fred Duglass got a white wife. Potter turned me ober to do p'lice."

Are you stopping on Fifth avenue, Bowlegged Pete?

My name, just now, am Reberend Chaimcey Mordant. Ise stopping wid a light mahogany-colored widdy lady on Thompson street, what takes in washin'. Come and see me. Huh!

I did not see St. Peter again. He is an awful liar. Very likely the Bishop did not do anything more than to kick him off the front steps and tell the policeman to club him a few.

All this goes to show that New York is not yet ripe for social equality with colored preachers, even when they wear knee breeches. Your friend, BILL SNORT.

The other forenoon a young man with a forlorn looking countenance, and a suit of clothes which seemed to have run all together and consolidated to save expense, mounted a salt barrel on the sidewalk on Michigan avenue, and started off with:

"My dear friends, pause for a moment and hear my narrative. I am a poor but honest young man. My motto is 'Excelsior.' My parents are dead and I am an orphan."

He added considerable to the above, and in a few minutes he had a crowd of fifty people around him. Then he announced:

"My dear friends, I do not ask for charity. All I want is a fair show to make my way in life. I shall now ask you to chip in a nickle apiece, and I will endeavor to do something never yet done on the face of the globe. I will try to turn a quadruple somersault in the air."

The crowd seemed to like the idea, and the small change rattled in until the gross amount was about three dollars. Then the young man got down off the barrel, spit on his hands, picked out his ground, and turned a pretty fair somersault. He turned another and then remounted the barrel and said:

"Kind friends, I have tried to, but I can't do it. Assuring you of my heartfelt thanks for your kindness, I remain yours truly."

And not a man uttered a word of complaint.

He Was Calm.

A boy came running into a store on Monroe avenue the other day and called out:

"Does any one here own that horse around the corner?"

"I own a horse," replied a man as he came forward, "and I hitched him around the corner."

"A big bay?"

"Yes."

"Hitched to a buggy?"

"Yes."

"Well he's run away."

"Has, eh? Which way did he go?"

"Up Crogham."

"Did, eh? He ought to have taken a woodpaved street. Did he run fast?"

"Awful fast."

"That's good. I always thought he could run. Well, I'm much obliged, and here is a dime, and (turning to the clerk) you may cut me off enough of that to make two feather ticks. I've got to go down town, and if the horse should circle around back have him wait for me."—Free Press.

C. P. CALDWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

MARBLE HILL, MO.

Has permanently located at Marble Hill and will practice in the Courts of Southeast Missouri and the Supreme Court of the State. Office in Court-house. 9-27.

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ELMER BAIN'S BARBER SHOP.

MARBLE HILL, MO.

Hair-Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, Etc., all done in the latest and best styles known to the trade. 9-27.

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(Formerly of Danville, Ill.)

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SURGEON

For all Diseases and Deformities of the

EYE AND EAR.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED.

Office over Miller and Wilson's Drug Store, CAPT. GIRARD, MO.

PROBATE DOCKET.

List of Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Curators who are required by law to exhibit their accounts for settlement on the day and date below named, at the August term 1889, of said court, to be begun and held at the courthouse in the town of Marble Hill, Bollinger county, Missouri, commencing on Monday, November 12th, 1889.

Monday, first day—November 11, 1889.

ESTATE OF WARD. ADM'N. OR DX.

Angel Lizzie deid. C. P. Caldwell.

Bess Mary A minor. Anderson Bess Baker Joseph.

Elizabeth Baker and W. F. Burcham.

Kilian Henry B. Jesse R. Henson.

Bowell Dilla. J. M. Finney.

Bowling Jonathan. J. M. Finney.

Bailey John. H. A. Heiman, et al.

Criles William. F. M. Hickey.

Chostner Eltie M. H. C. Scholl.

James L. Bridges. J. M. Finney.

Tuesday, second day—November 12.

Check Matie T. J. P. Williams.

Caldwell Thos. R. N. Caldwell.

Club Wm D. Ada A. Club.

Cole Colby. James P. Berville.

Clippard John F. A. Clippard.

Deck Mary. J. M. Zimmerman.

Fulton E. J. H. J. Murray.

Hanners Margaret. Wm T. Hanners.

Jackso Nora. August Limbaugh.

Johnson D. A heirs of. W. K. Chandler.

Wednesday, third day—November 13.

Jackson David G. S. A. Jackson.

Kerr Geo & Lee. N. J. Wiscarver.

Meyers Andrew C. W. B. Yount.

Masters Joseph and Julia. Robt. Drum.

Manney James. J. T. Wells.

Mathis Wm. William Gray.

Moore Dredrick. Wm M. Clingingsmith.

Beville T. minor heirs of. S. S. Stuckey.

Robins Ellice. E. C. Robins.

Thursday, fourth day—November 14.

Schider Geo P. B. S. Snider.

Shell Troy W. Nancy G. Shell.

Schuber Frederick. B. F. Wells.

Snider Martin. B. F. Stevens.

Thornburgh Benj. Susan E. and.

C. M. Thornburgh. J. A. Welker.

Welker Columbus. James M. Slinkard.

Welch W. C. & T. L. Attest. Jasper Frymire, Judge of Probate.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas Polly M. Crain and Wm. S. Crain by their certain deed of trust, dated the 3rd day of August, 1880, and recorded in the Recorder's office of Bollinger county, Missouri, the 8th day of November, 1880, in Book 14 and page 158, conveyed to M. H. Williams, Trustee, the following real estate, lying and being in the county of Bollinger and the State of Missouri, to secure the payment of the debt in the said deed of trust described, to-wit:

The northeast quarter of the northwest quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section thirty-six, township thirty-two, north of range ten east, containing 30 acres. And Whereas, it is provided in said deed of trust that in case of failure or refusal of said parties of the first part to pay said debt or the interest thereon, or any part thereof, when the same shall become due and payable according to the true tenor, date and effect of said note, then the whole shall become due and payable, and Whereas, said debt has long since become due and payable according to the true tenor, date and effect of said note, and remains unpaid, now,

Therefore, I, the undersigned trustee, at the request of the legal holder of said note and the power in me vested by, on Tuesday, November 12th, 1889, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the courthouse door in the town of Marble Hill, proceed to sell the above-described real estate to the highest bidder for cash, together with the costs and expenses of executing this deed of trust.

M. H. WILLIAMS, Trustee.

October 13th, 1889.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the estate of E. J. Fulton, deceased, that the undersigned administrator of said estate intends to make final settlement thereof at the next term of Probate Court, in and for the county of Bollinger and the State of Missouri, to be begun and held in the court house in said county on the second Monday in November, 1889, to-wit:

H. J. MURRAY, Administrator.

Administrators Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of John James, deceased, were granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of Bollinger county, Missouri on the 8th day of Oct. 1889.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit the same to the undersigned for allowance within one year from the date of said letter, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of publication they will be forever barred.

KARAH E. JAMES and PETER KARR administrators with annexed. 9-24

GREAT BARGAINS
—AT—
JESSE H. LUTES'S
LUTESVILLE, MO.

He buys and sells for CASH, only. This enables him to sell CHEAPER than any one else.



He now has on hand a large stock of

Saddlery and HARNESS,
Consisting of such articles as
SADDLES,
BRIDLES,
HAMES,
HALTERS,
COLLARS,
BREASTSTRAPS,
CURRY COMBS,
HORSE BLANKETS,
BUGGY and TEAM WHIPS,
Trace Chains, Webb
And Leather
Backbands.

Examine Our 25 cent Flexible Back Curry Comb. Just the thing for ALL horses, Especially Nervous and Sensitive Ones.

He also keeps a LARGE Stock of

STAPLE & FANCY FAMILY GROCERIES,
Consisting of Coffee, Sugar,
Rice, Coal Oil, Teas,
Soda, Baking Pow-
ders, Jellies of
all kinds,
Soap,
Oatmeal, Pickles, Fish, Cheese,
Soda and Fancy Crackers,
Sausage and Dried Beef.

Canned GOODS
Of ALL kinds, such as Oysters,
Sardines,
Salmon,
Corned Beef, Mackerel,
Potted Ham, Peas,
Peaches and
Tomatoes,
Blackberries, Strawberries,
String Beans, and Peas.

Temperance
Drinks of every kind and flavor. Lemonade, Cider, Ginger Ale, Milkshake, Cream Soda, Birch Beer and English Club Soda.

—ALSO—
A Full Line
Of Stick and
Fancy Candies,
Pipes, Cigars, Smoking and
Chewing Tobaccos,
Oranges, Lemons,
Bananas,
Nuts of all kinds. Oceans of

NOTIONS,
Too numerous to mention.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Tenders his professional services to the public and will answer calls day or night. 6-4.

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OFFICE in Drug Store.
Calls from town or country promptly answered, day or night. 13-4-17.

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OFFICE at residence.
Furnishes rooms and treatment to females, and gives special attention to Chronic Diseases. Calls from the country will be promptly answered. 15